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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 191
EDITORIALS:
Leadership in Politics 194
The Great Drought 195
Fame and Privacy 195
How We Grow 196
THE PRESS TODAY: X. HUGENBERG AND THE GERMAN DAILIES. By Oswald Garrison Villard 197
MASSACHUSETTS—THREE HUNDRED YEARS. By Henry Raymond Mussey 199
THE JEWS—A NATION TRAPPED. By William Zukerman 200
A FISH OUT OF CONGRESS. By Emanuel Blum 202
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 203
CORRESPONDENCE 204
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 204
BOOKS AND FILMS:
No More This Home. By Genevieve Taggard 205
Below the Babbittry. By Henry Hazlitt 205
A Great American. By Henry Raymond Mussey 206
The Rise of Carl Schurz. By Oswald Garrison Villard 206
Mr. Dobrée's Criticism. By Florence Codman 207
The New Architecture. By Douglas Haskell 208
Books in Brief 208
Films: Ingredients. By Alexander Bakshy 209

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WELL, NOT HAVING HEARD of or from them for some weeks, we were just on the point of advertising in the Washington newspapers for the Hoover Happiness Boys when up bobbed that charming cooptimist, Julius H. Barnes himself. And what do you think? Why, the dear old chap announced that "the world-wide economic depression, with unemployment and stagnant surpluses of commodities, will come to an end upon a manifestation of revived confidence which will release 'idle reserves of capital' awaiting investment the world over." Now we submit that is just the thrilling word that the whole world has been waiting for. It was, perhaps, a little bit of a slip for him to admit that there is unemployment, but waiving that we think that after hearing from Julius, Prosperity will now stick its head right around the corner of the street. Why not? "Unreasoned pessimism is not based on facts," says Julius, "and confidence, patience, and good judgment should be measured against it." Can you deny that? To set the example himself, he insists that Americans abroad should tell the foreigners they meet everywhere that "the first note of renewed business is probably to be expected from the United States." No, not "probably," dear Julius, *certainly*.

NO ONE WILL, however, hereafter count Claudius H. Huston, lately chairman of the Republican National Committee by grace of Herbert Hoover, as being among the Happiness Boys. Nor will Herbert Hoover himself be tempted to say of his ex-chairman that nothing became him in all his political life like the leaving of it, for Claudius kept everybody in fearful suspense until the final hour struck on the fatal seventh of August. On Wednesday the New York *Times* reported from Washington that Claudius would fire a bomb at his dear friend, the Great Engineer. On Thursday morning it was sure that he would go out as peacefully as a lamb. But Thursday afternoon Claudius issued a statement which for naive and unconcealed bitterness and anger has rarely been equaled. Every charge made against him had, he declared, been triumphantly answered. Still, *some* people had insisted that he retire, why he could not understand. But rather than "be accused of imposing any burdens personal to me upon the party during the coming Senatorial and Congressional campaign" he had reached the conclusion that he should tender his resignation. So here is honest virtue triumphant in its hour of retirement to private life. And the Great Engineer? As he reads over this statement and thinks how it was he that urged the noble Claudius out of office, surely there must be remorse in the White House. Indeed, uneasy will rest the head that wears the crown there, we fancy, until the very hour of the election, lest Claudius strike again. However, the future is secure. As long as Simeon Fess, sage of Yellow Springs, Ohio, is chairman of the Republican National Committee its conduct will be safe and sound and stupid beyond words —wholly safe and sound and entirely satisfactory to big business and the Methodist church.

THERE ARE STILL NO SIGNS that we are reaching the end of the current business depression. The only advance in commodity prices has been in cotton, corn, wheat, and other products affected by the recent drought; but a price advance as the result of a crop disaster, though it may relatively benefit individual farmers, can never be welcomed by the country as a whole. It must not be forgotten that a week before the effects of the drought were widely known both wheat and cotton had broken to new low prices for the season, the latter touching a figure reached only on one day since 1921. At the end of July American commodity prices as a whole had fallen 13 or 14 per cent in twelve months; and this fall in commodity prices has been world-wide, reaching 13 to 17 per cent on different calculations, for example, in England. The net operating income of the country's railroads in June fell off 35 per cent compared with June of last year. Department-store sales in July were 9 per cent lower than a year ago. The country's steel output is running at only 54 per cent of capacity compared with 90 per cent a year ago—much the lowest midsummer rate since 1924. A hopeful factor in the situation is that merchants are not carrying huge frozen inventories as they were in 1921, nor are the large employers talking of sharp wage cuts as they were then—though the statistics of the Labor Bureau show a decline in employment of 13 per cent in June from June a year ago, while per capita weekly earnings in manufacturing industries have fallen 5 per cent in the same period.

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THE ANTHRACITE-COAL AGREEMENT, the formal signing of which at Scranton, Pennsylvania, took on something of the form of a public celebration, will, it is hoped, insure peace in the anthracite-coal industry for the next five and a half years. The negotiations between representatives of the United Mine Workers and the operators have been going on for several months, and the outcome appears to be a victory for John L. Lewis, international president of the union. The miners do not gain any increase in wages, working conditions are not materially changed, and contract mining has not been abolished. There are to be no wage reductions, however; a modified form of check-off under which the companies will collect union dues for such employees as request it is recognized; and provision is made for the consideration of any controversies under the agreement by a joint committee of six operators and six union men. Mr. Lewis, who of course praised the agreement, reminded the delegates that a capital investment of more than a billion dollars and a pay roll of $300,000,000 annually were involved. In a letter of congratulation read by Secretary of Labor Davis at the celebration, Mr. Hoover praised the "spirit of joint relationship and cooperation between management and men" which the settlement embodied. Washington reports hint that an attempt to stabilize the bituminous-coal industry may be next in order.

THE NOMINATION of Congressman Cordell Hull of Tennessee for United States Senator advances an ardent and sincere advocate of tariff reform. Should he reach the Senate, as there is likelihood that he will, there would be one member of the upper house to be counted on to speak against the abandonment by his party of the historic Democratic policy of opposing protection as protection and favoring it only for purposes of creating revenue. It is, of course, a disappointment to us that John R. Neal, the hero of the Scopes case, was unsuccessful in his effort to win the nomination for the vacant short term in the Senate. Dr. Neal is a man worth watching. He has grown steadily in the estimation of those who know him and it is evident that he is determined to be a leader against the reactionary tendencies which found their expression in the anti-evolution legislation he was so ready to defy. We shall hope that there are political honors still in store for him. Meanwhile we trust that if Mr. Hull reaches the Senate he will make himself the foremost spokesman of those who believe that protection is not only a snare and a delusion, but that it is today inflicting a grievous injury upon our economic life. There is opportunity for such a man.

UNEMPLOYMENT IS WORLD-WIDE. Great Britain reports 2,000,000 persons out of work, Germany 2,757,000, Hungary 400,000, Austria 450,000, Italy 322,000—a total of nearly 6,000,000 in these five countries alone. France, with a paltry 20,000 unemployed, is the envy of her neighbors. Truly enough does Henry Ford say: "The problem challenging us now is how to control industry so that workmen may have steady employment." The motor-car industry, he suggests, may come to a ten-month industrial year. Mr. Ford is looking in the right direction, and we should all do well to look sharp in that same direction. The prevention of unemployment involves the adjustment of production to consumption, the organization and control of industry to that end, and a readiness to take a larger part of the gains of industrial progress in the form of increased leisure, not more goods. In an intelligent society with the resources of modern machinery and power, why should not the worker enjoy the benefits of a long vacation each year instead of being kept at work making surplus goods to throw himself out of a job?

AN IMPORTANT STEP toward freer trade in Europe is the new agricultural exchange agreement between Jugoslavia and Rumania under which frontier barriers and hindrances are to be reduced to a minimum and the food exports of both countries are to be apportioned so that excess crops may be taken care of as quickly and efficiently as possible. But not content with this plan to handle the agriculture of both countries as if they were one, the governments are already in negotiation with Poland, Hungary, and Czecho-Slovakia to enter the association. With this important group lined up, or practically so, French economists are already urging that their country and the other Western European Powers either join this cartel or organize one of their own to work in closest harmony with the one already founded. This is a really remarkable development. If European international cooperation in the exchange of food products can take the place of the usual stupid process of slapping on tariffs to hinder and not help further economic adjustment, Europe will be well started on the road toward freer trade and tariff sanity. If it is possible to handle the crops of Europe as a whole, there will be plenty to ask why its industrial products should not also be marketed without frontier barriers and with some appreciation of general European needs and financial problems. This may lie far in the future. None the less, it is refreshing to see how one happening after another points steadily in the direction of a European customs union. Something worth while is certain to come out of it all.

ITALY DOES NOT FEAR Russia, apparently, for not only has it accorded diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Government, as have most other European states, but it has just concluded a commercial treaty from which both countries expect considerable profit. Under the agreement, it is stated, the Italian government undertakes to guarantee credits on Russian orders to the amount of 75 per cent. Russian purchases in Italy have hitherto been small, but they have increased appreciably during the past year and the new treaty is expected to double them, Italy offering a favorable market for Russian oil, coal, timber, and mineral products. Incidentally, any increase in the exportation of Italian products will help the unemployment situation. The agreement is further interesting because it seems to confirm the impression that Mussolini is particularly bent upon developing Italian relations with Eastern Europe and the countries of the Near East, and because it provides Russia with a trade outlet which may go some way toward offsetting any restrictions which the United States may impose. After a time, perhaps, it may dawn upon the Washington official mind that the trade agreements which European countries are concluding with one another, such as this Italo-Russian treaty and the recent treaty between Great Britain and Rumania, together with the nitrate, automobile, and other cartels that are being formed or projected, are important steps toward

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the economic independence of Europe which American tariff policy directly encourages, but from which American trade with Europe must ultimately suffer.

A FORMIDABLE STRIKE at Lille, Roubaix, and other textile centers of northern France has been the outcome of the new social-insurance law lately enacted for the benefit of the workers. A similar strike of large proportions has also been in progress at Rouen. In the northern cities workers to the number of 150,000 have quit work, refusing to pay their part of the required contribution under the law and demanding increased wages to meet a sharp advance in the cost of living, particularly in the prices of bread and wine. The employers, on their part, have pleaded foreign competition as a reason for refusing a wage increase, but are themselves accused by the government of taking advantage of the contribution which they are required to make to the insurance fund—at the most about 5 per cent—to raise prices, the increase in some cases reaching to 40 per cent. Most of the workers are Socialists, but a Communist minority, bent, it is said, upon bringing on a general strike, have stirred up a good deal of disorder, and attacks have been made upon Belgian workers who regularly cross the frontier daily by the thousand to work in the mills. The extraordinary rise in the price of food is laid to speculators, and the government has sought to cope with it by increasing from 4 to 10 per cent the amount of foreign flour that may be used in bread.

THE LYNCHING IN MARION, INDIANA, of two Negroes who had confessed to the murder of a white man and an attempted criminal assault upon his fiancée is without the possibility of an excuse. The three miscreants were in jail. They were certain to be convicted and executed because of their confessions, but the mob would not wait. There was the usual feeble resistance by the sheriff, who asserts that he was afraid to fire on the mob lest he shoot some of the women and children who were onlookers, and so the mob battered its way into the jail, taking, however, only two of the criminals. The bodies of these men were not cut down for many hours, but hung in the public square to the disgrace and the demoralization of the town. There was delay even in sending in the troops, which were not ordered to Marion until the governor had received earnest appeals from the Negro community for protection. Undoubtedly the Ku Klux Klan spirit which still survives in Indiana had something to do with the lynching; the original lynching party came, sadly enough, from a nearby Quaker community. The year 1930 is making a bad record for itself for such violations of justice. And in Marion, as elsewhere, it is announced that it will be impossible to prosecute the members of the mob. No wonder that the demand for a federal anti-lynching law continues to grow.

A "CAUCASIAN CRUSADE," with the notorious William Joseph Simmons and Congressman Robert Ramspeck of Georgia among its sponsors and Atlanta as its headquarters, is the latest progeny of Ku Kluxism to be spawned in the sunny South. The invitation to enrol exudes all the old hokum about perpetuating "the white man's distinctive ideals, social supremacy, and economic interest," "courageously and effectively" opposing "the rapidly rising tide of 'racial' and 'alien' political, social, and industrial conquest, activities, and influence in America," and counteracting "the mischievous machinations of the subtle but fast multiplying mongrelizing movements now so active in our midst." The recipient of the invitation, if he can qualify as "a real, red-blooded white American inside and out" (bring on the X-rays and blood tests), is besought to answer and "quietly mail" such questions as "are you a sovereign, upright white man of true blood?" and "are your sympathies and sentiments wholly favorable to the full maintenance of white supremacy in all things?" By way of giving the affair an appearance of respectability, the sucker is also asked if he is a man of "acceptable reputation and lawful occupation." The financial obligation and, of course, the commission for the promoters and officers-to-be are not stated, but the former will doubtless be made known in due time.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP at its worst! An Associated Press dispatch from Colby, Kansas, reports:

> Colby citizens will have to worry along another year with no municipal taxes to grow indignant over. For the third successive year the City Council voted to let the municipal water plant wash away the city's bills. During two years earnings of the plant have paid administration bills, provided $200,000 for pavements, paid for new equipment, and placed a balance of $45,000 in the city treasury.

We know nothing about this nefarious enterprise except what appears in this dispatch, but it looks like outright bolshevism and ought to be stopped. Cannot the public-relations committees of the esteemed National Electric Light Association protect us against such pernicious propaganda?

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK has again spoken out admirably in regard to war, this time to students in the Columbia summer school, declaring that "an intelligent patriotism must detach itself from the support of war"; that "like mother-love patriotism is devastating when wrongly used"; and that "war is against everything Jesus stood for." Among the many things for which he hates war are "the lies it lives on and propagates, the undying hatreds it arouses, the dictatorships it puts in the place of democracy, and the starvation that stalks after it." Finally, he took as his precept Earl Haig's declaration that "it is the business of the churches to make my business impossible." These are excellent sentiments. Mr. Fosdick has often expressed them and seems to be voicing them with greater and greater earnestness. But they are not enough; the church is not moving fast enough in making the business of the generals and admirals impossible. Recently at the international gathering of Congregationalists in England two clergymen, one of them an American, stressed this point at length, the American declaring that the failure of the church to take an absolutely unequivocal stand against war is more than anything else causing the decay of the Protestant organizations. No matter what the consequences, as long as any church refuses to take the extreme position it is unfaithful to Jesus for the very reason that Mr. Fosdick has given. There can and must be no compromise along this line if the Church of Christ is to justify its name and retain the adherence of any men of intellectual integrity.

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Leadership in Politics

THANK God for Senator Norris! Quite irrespective of the outcome in the Nebraska primary that is being held as we go to press, Senator Norris is one of the men who make it possible to have hope for the future of American politics. No finer tribute has been paid to a public man in a long time than that given him by the New York *Times*, which is opposed to practically all the policies for which he stands. An anti-Norris statement circulated during the primary campaign declared: "Nebraska Senators should be of the kind that can be relied on in every crisis." The *Times* lightly commented: "Whereas George Norris can be counted on to do exactly what George Norris is convinced that he ought to do in every crisis; and political life is just one series of crises after another." It is a perfect summary of the career of this extraordinary man, a man of rugged honesty and simplicity, of utter fearlessness, of bulldog tenacity, of unfailing and laborious devotion to the public interest. In Washington, as in Nebraska, Senator Norris is an institution. When an inquirer in the capital asks for the real truth about any public situation, the reply is "Go ask George Norris." Through weariness and discouragement and failure and desertion he has never wavered, welcoming allies when they came, but fighting if need be alone, and doing "exactly what George Norris is convinced he ought to do in every crisis." He is a magnificent figure, but in the midst of the present campaign it is worth recalling that he has been also a great popular leader; for present conditions in American politics cry aloud for independent leaders.

Political life concerns itself on the one hand with the promotion of public policies and on the other with the practical control of political machinery and offices. In actual operation, the latter object, instead of being a means to the former, too often becomes an end in itself, an end pursued for the private benefit of the political leader and those who support him, so that "politician," unfortunately, has become a term of reproach, and justifiably so. At the present time the Republican and the Democratic Party alike, in most of the States and in the nation, separated by no fundamental differences of political or economic philosophy, have become organizations for getting and enjoying the perquisites of office, and passing on the benefits of political power to those who pay the bills, like the oil and power interests in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regime. Public policies, political and economic principles under such circumstances become little more than a shop-front behind which the real work of buying and selling goes on. Party organization, made powerful by the economic resources thus put at its disposal, holds the power of life and death over the individual politician, the very condition of whose continued political existence is his ability to get reelected. Under such circumstances only a man of extraordinary character and resourcefulness is able to assert even a moderate degree of independence.

This whole question of the responsibility of an elected representative to his constituents and to his party has recently had interesting illustration. For example, a few weeks ago Senators Walsh of Montana and Jones of Washington, both prominent drys, indicated their willingness in respect to the prohibition question to follow the instructions of their constituents as expressed in a referendum, irrespective of their own particular views. On the other hand, in party as in all other matters Senator Norris has asserted to the full the right of individual judgment, going so far as to support the Democratic candidate in the last Presidential election, and in the present Republican primary continuing to oppose President Hoover. It is small wonder that the party regulars have made a tremendous effort to drive him out. How is responsible party government to be maintained if the individual member is to refuse the responsibilities of membership? Who is right in a contest of this character?

We do not believe that there is any universal answer to this question. Just to the extent that parties really stand for definite policies publicly advocated and make their other activities incidental to those legitimate and essential ends, to that extent they may reasonably exact obedience from their members as a means of carrying out their policies. Party loyalty under such conditions is, broadly speaking, a virtue on the part of those who accept the principles of the party. If a leader, then, is unable to carry the party with him, his alternative is to get out unless he is willing to wait for the party to catch up with him. It is discipline of this kind that parties properly maintain when politics deals with real issues. As politics becomes a matter of loaves and fishes, however, the situation changes. Regularity becomes a vice rather than a virtue because it becomes simply a means of getting a share of the loaves and fishes. Leaders sometimes remain without reproach in a party with some of whose alleged principles they may actually be in violent conflict. Such a situation has existed notoriously in the Republican Party for a quarter of a century. As long as a man stays in such an organization his only salvation lies in asserting the right of individual judgment, and as long as we are tied up with a two-party system independent men are bound to make just this choice. The present confusion, however, showing clearly as it does the demoralization of the historic parties, only emphasizes anew the need for an intelligently progressive party to which a leader of character and intelligence can give adhesion without finding it necessary to repudiate entirely the actions of his party associates.

Politics is to be lifted out of the present morass only as people are brought to see that there are real issues on which it is possible to accomplish something by political action. The formulation of those issues is the great task of politics today. For a good many years political campaigns have been simply contests in promising more prosperity of the type that we enjoyed up to 1929. Today people are beginning to realize that we must have something more than a further hasty and undirected rush to turn out more goods. Our social and economic program must contemplate an intelligent organization of production and a sane distribution of the product, joined with the protection of the body of the people against the accidents of industrial fluctuation, for which they are not responsible. The present task of political leadership is to formulate such a program, not to win this fall's elections.

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The Great Drought

THE spectacle of politicians and representatives of farmers' organizations hurrying to Washington to beg Mr. Hoover to do something about the drought may at first sight appear a bit amusing. It suggests the naive faith of a primitive people in a Great Father in whose hands are the times, the seasons, and the fate of men. Yet it was obviously a perfectly natural and sensible thing to do. Mr. Hoover, of course, is not responsible for the drought, and rain-making is not one of his constitutional functions. The responsibility cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Legge and his Farm Board, nor piled upon the farmers who sowed or planted too much wheat or corn and have seen it wither before their eyes. The drought is one of those unpredictable and inescapable visitations which the law, with a curious mixture of superstition and disrespect, speaks of as an act of God, and its weight falls without discrimination upon Republicans and Democrats, saints and sinners, the wise, the foolish, and the people who just are. But a drought which affects a dozen States and a million families is a national calamity, and one turns naturally to Washington to learn how great the calamity is and what may best be done about it.

So much has been said about the drought and such dire predictions have been made of its disastrous consequences that it is not easy for either the immediate sufferers or people at a distance to see the situation clearly and as a whole. Mr. Hoover is not a man to be stampeded by a national disaster, and his attitude toward the present crisis seems to us to have been eminently sensible. The first thing to do was to ascertain the facts. The extent and severity of the drought, the actual or probable loss, the available resources of States, counties, and federal agencies for the mobilization of relief, the attitude of the banks, the railways, and commercial or industrial organizations—all these are factors for the federal government to consider in determining what policy to pursue. Mr. Hoover has done a wise thing in calling for the fullest and most detailed information that can be had, and in summoning into conference the governors of the States particularly affected. If the federal government is to take the lead, as apparently it must, it is evidently Mr. Hoover's intention that it shall lead in cooperation and not play a lone hand.

A reading of the report which the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, submitted to Mr. Hoover on August 8 and of the statement which Mr. Hoover issued the same day might suggest that the extent and seriousness of the drought have been overestimated. It is a relief to know that there is no danger of a shortage of food for human beings, that only about 12 per cent of the domestic animals in the country are in the areas where the drought is most acute, and that not all farmers who have suffered loss have suffered equally. A really grave danger, on the other hand, lies in the injury to corn, wheat, and forage crops, the consequent shortage of feed for cattle and domestic animals, and the likelihood that great numbers of cattle and hogs will be thrown upon the market because of the impossibility of feeding them. There is also danger that the effects of the drought may carry over into next year through the loss of new seedings of grass and clover in pastures, and a rise in the price of dairy products seems inevitable. As Mr. Hyde said on August 9, "The farmer will feel the first and direct effects of the drought, but every man, woman, and child in America will suffer the indirect consequences in some degree."

What can be done will depend upon the information which Mr. Hoover receives and the extent and kind of State and local cooperation upon which he can count. The Farm Board has still some millions of dollars available for loans through cooperative societies, and bank loans can be had wherever reasonable security can be offered. An elaborate machinery of federal land banks, joint-stock land banks, and intermediate credit banks, specially designed to aid agriculture, has been set up in recent years and should be able to afford substantial help. Western railways have already been authorized to lower their rates on grain, live stock, and other commodities, and the American Red Cross stands ready to lend a hand if its special services are needed. Altogether, while the situation is, as Mr. Hoover declared, "one to cause a great deal of concern," it is not one over which the country should become panicky. The task of coping with the disaster is doubtless formidable, but so also are the resources of the United States, and there need be no fear that those resources will not be promptly and effectively used.

Fame and Privacy

MARLEN PEW, the editor of *Editor and Publisher*, has printed in his journal the substance of a remarkable talk he recently had with Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in regard to the treatment of the latter at the hands of the press. We must say that the Colonel's views as quoted by Mr. Pew raise him still higher in our respect and admiration, something that we had hardly felt possible in view of his great modesty, his dignity, and his refusal to let himself be ruined by the unparalleled publicity and popularity which have been his.

The reason for the talk was that Colonel Lindbergh has refused to have anything more to do with five New York newspapers—not named in this interview—which have so outrageously invaded the privacy of himself and his wife that he can no longer with self-respect "cooperate with them." He called their practices "contemptible," reports Mr. Pew, "and thought them to be a 'social drag,' 'non-constructive,' and 'a waste of time.'" Being a normal and sensible human being, the Colonel "minced no words in condemning newspapers which in his view cater to morbid curiosity and are concerned with private gossip to the exclusion of matters in the realm of 'things, ideas, and ideals.'" Some of the insults and annoyances to which this young man and his wife have been subjected he related to Mr. Pew; they are gross and scandalous enough to justify the Colonel's resort to any measures of self-protection. For example, he told of reporters who followed him and Mrs. Lindbergh on their honeymoon and "for eight straight hours circled about our boat at anchor in a New England harbor, in a noisy motor boat, and occasionally called across the water to us that if we would pose for one picture they would go away." He can certainly not be charged with overstatement when he declared this procedure "particularly mean and un-

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worthy." He resented, too, being obliged to keep a guard constantly on duty at his wife's home, and related an incident in which a reporter had offered a servant $2,000 to "betray the secrets of the household." Naturally he resented most deeply the publication last winter of the fact that his wife was an expectant mother; this was harped upon without let-up until their child was born.

Throughout his article Mr. Pew leans over backward in defense of the journalists. No one, he thinks, could extenuate certain of the incidents which Colonel Lindbergh cited, but on the other hand his chief conclusion is that his fellow-newspapermen should see in the Colonel "less of the showman and more of the scientist." With all respect to Mr. Pew, we cannot understand the absence of a single ringing phrase of indignation at the hounding of Colonel Lindbergh. The Colonel stated that he made the complaint and took his stand against the five New York newspapers not because of any personal hurt but as a matter of principle, and that his position is that "of a citizen complaining in the general public interest." That is a very fine stand, but the Colonel is so far from being misunderstood by the public that he could safely have placed his complaint on personal grounds, had he so desired. It was right and manly of him to speak out, and it is a disgrace to the newspaper profession that it has not risen to protect him against a harassment which would make many another man deliberately quit his native land to seek asylum in some journalistically more civilized country. However much Mr. Pew may seek to deprecate the force of Colonel Lindbergh's indictment by stressing the fact that he is a national hero, and that the public curiosity about him is not mere idle curiosity but a genuinely affectionate desire on the part of plain people to share in the life and progress of one whom they consider peculiarly their own, it still remains true that in no other country on earth would the representatives of the press dare to stoop to such infamous practices.

Once more, as we so often have done, we should like to ask the American Society of Newspaper Editors what justification it has for existing when in the face of this monstrous persecution of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh no voice has yet been raised by it or any of its members in any of its sessions against this degrading of their profession. The society has adopted a code one article of which reads: "A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity." If the men who run our great dailies were merely good sportsmen they would have agreed long ago to join together to insure to Colonel Lindbergh his constitutional right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness unmolested by camera men or reporters so devoid of self-respect and breeding as to do the things they are guilty of. It is idle to talk of covering this case by law. We should be the last to advocate another statute to control the profession to which we belong. But we cannot see why the decent men in it, especially the newspaper owners, who so often rank as our great captains of industry, as philanthropists, and are so often distinguished by our universities with degrees of honor, cannot see that here is the clearest case they could possibly have to strike a blow for the integrity of their business. Nothing could raise it more quickly in popular regard than an agreement to respect the private lives of prominent men and women.

How We Grow

THE official preliminary census figures place our present population at slightly less than 123,000,000—17,000,000 more than in 1920. That this is the largest numerical increase in our population in any decade was only to be expected. More interesting is the percentage of increase (16.1), which, with the exception of the 14.9 per cent increase in the decade from 1910 to 1920, is the smallest in our census history. Our rate of population growth, indeed, continues to decline steadily. In the decade ending in 1880 it was 30.1 per cent; in that of 1890, 25.5 per cent; in that of 1900, 20.7 per cent.

Perhaps of more immediate significance than these figures are those showing the way in which our added population is distributing itself. California, with an increase of 64.6 per cent in the last decade, shows the largest percentage gain of any State, followed by Florida, which gained 51.4 per cent. No doubt this great growth in our two leading "playground" States reflects the rise of a leisure class able to retire and build Spanish houses in the sections famous for their climate and scenic beauty. But most of the people of these States are still compelled to earn their living, and a large part of the California gain is the result of the growth in the single city of Los Angeles, which has more than twice the population it had ten years ago.

Once more the detailed figures reveal the drift of population from the farms to the cities, from agriculture to industry. The third-largest gain of any State was made by Michigan, whose increase of 31.3 per cent is mainly to be attributed to the growth of the automobile center, Detroit. But the picture is more striking from the agricultural side. As the population growth for the nation as a whole is 16.1 per cent, any State with less than that increase is showing a relative loss. A great agricultural State like Kansas shows only a 6.4 per cent increase; Iowa but 2.7 per cent; Indiana and Wisconsin no more than 10 per cent; Minnesota 7.2 per cent; Missouri 6.3 per cent; Idaho 1.3 per cent; while Montana shows an actual loss of 2.8 per cent.

All this, of course, is no more than the continuance of a tendency that has been effective since the beginning of our life as a nation. In 1840 more than 90 per cent of our population was still rural. Even by 1880, though industrialization was advancing rapidly, only a third of our people lived in cities and towns of more than 2,500 population. By 1920 the urban population was already greater than the rural, reaching 51.4 per cent, and it is now estimated to be in excess of 57 per cent. But the industrial dominance is much greater than even these figures imply. The actual farm population has been estimated by Dr. C. J. Galpin of the Department of Agriculture to be about 27,000,000, or only a little more than a fifth of our national population.

With the growth and enormous opportunities of modern industry, this drift from the farms would have been inevitable in any case, but its pace has been accelerated by our high-tariff policy. Whatever justification the "protection-for-infant-industry" slogan may once have had has long ceased. It is agriculture that is the infant now, industry the giant.

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Massachusetts—Three Hundred Years

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

MASSACHUSETTS has been observing its tercentenary. All through the hot days of the summer the old Bay State, with all the paraphernalia of drums and banners and processions and pageants, with music and resounding oratory and civic rejoicing, has been celebrating the completion on this continent of three hundred years of ordered civil liberty under the law. It is an impressive spectacle, and the hearts of Massachusetts men and women swell with justifiable pride as they realize that they are inheritors of a noble tradition and are part of a great civic experiment still in process.

On August 22 Massachusetts observes another anniversary. Three years ago the Commonwealth, acting through all the agencies by law established, put to death two Italian workingmen, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. The anniversary falls strangely in this tercentenary year. No one who lived through the dreadful days of August, 1927, in even indirect contact with that tragedy can ever forget the ghastly horror of it all. But the passions of those days have cooled. It is no longer a time either for shrill denunciation or for impassioned defense of the men who sent those two humble Italians to their death. Rather is it a time for thoughtful question. What does civil liberty actually mean today in Massachusetts, its classic American home? Who enjoys it, and under what conditions? Can it or can it not be extended in fact to all the people? If so, how can this condition be brought about? Questions like these call imperatively for answer in this tercentenary year when our whole democratic theory is being flatly challenged by communism and fascism. There is nothing sacrosanct about American institutions, despite the Constitution-worship that has been so sedulously cultivated among the unthinking in recent years. If our democracy cannot show its faith by its works, then that faith will die, and will deserve to die. But most of us believe that it merits a better fate.

Ideally, civil liberty means the guaranty to every citizen of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the right to be secure in person against violence and lawlessness, private or official, the right to possess and enjoy property. What did it actually mean to the good shoemaker and the poor fish-peddler? In practice nothing, if we are right who believe that they were unjustly deprived of the most fundamental of all rights, the right to life itself. What is the ground of our conviction?

It is not that they were deprived of any of the forms of law. Let it be granted that their trial was fair, that Judge Thayer, the jurymen, the judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, President Lowell, President Stratton, Judge Grant, and Governor Fuller himself all did their best to divest themselves of prejudice and to judge the case as a trial for murder and nothing else. Few of those who believe that Sacco and Vanzetti went to their death innocent of the crime with which they were charged will perhaps concede so much, but let it be granted for the sake of argument. Even so, did they enjoy the substance as opposed to the forms of civil liberty? Thoughtful men by the thousand answer the question with a flat no.

Those of us who answer thus believe that it would have been impossible for any alien radical to get a fair trial on a murder charge in Massachusetts in 1920, not because courts and juries had any wish to be unfair, but because aliens and radicals stood outside the charmed circle of understood persons and because courts and juries were afraid. Sacco and Vanzetti were foreigners, men with dark skins and black eyes and a strange tongue, men who had been little in school, who worked with their hands, who had ways odd and uncouth, and who, in addition, held ideas unfamiliar and subversive, gained God knows where. Not only so, but their friends and acquaintances were men of the same sort. Can we wonder that their testimony carried little weight with Massachusetts judges and jurymen and university presidents suffering in the beginning from the fear of a violent social upheaval and later from a belief that the case of these men had become somehow identified with an attack on the very institutions of the Commonwealth?

During three centuries rulership in Massachusetts, despite the tradition of democracy, has rested in the hands of a relatively small governing class embracing chiefly the brains and wealth of the community. It derives from the clergy and property-holders of the seventeenth century, and descends to the financial and industrial rulers of today, with the professional classes who largely do their thinking for them, and the great body of employees and substantial citizens of small property who take their ideas uncritically from their "betters." It is because the law in Massachusetts is made and administered by and for this traditionally "American" group, great numbers of us believe, and not because they killed Berardi, that Sacco and Vanzetti are in their graves today.

If we are right, then the alien, the radical, the dissentient, the outlandish man of whatever sort who lacks economic and social standing is extremely likely under the forms of law to be practically deprived of those advantages whose supposedly universal enjoyment Massachusetts celebrates this year. He is deprived of them, not because the ruling group wish to deprive him, but because they lack the understanding, the sympathy, the imagination to bring him effectively within their group, to whom alone the guaranties and immunities of citizenship practically extend. Unable to include him, they fear and distrust him, and pass over quickly to repression.

This lack of understanding and toleration is no new thing, though it may take new forms. But from the days of Anne Hutchinson and the Quakers, down through the revolutionary years when it was unsafe not to be a patriot, continuing during the times when Boston was mobbing William Lloyd Garrison, building at night a two-noose scaffold before his house, and threatening to hang Wendell Phillips, and so on to the bitter August days when they were putting Sacco and Vanzetti to death—through three hundred years the rulers of Massachusetts have been sternly

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intolerant of fundamental dissent. Hospitable to non-essential heresies, they have often furnished interested audiences for the wildest religious, social, and even economic vagaries. Serious dissent from their social, political, and economic system, however, they have stamped out with a heel of iron. Along with plain disturbers of the peace, accordingly, they have stoned their prophets and crucified their saviors. Massachusetts may well reflect that the executions of August 22, 1927, were but one incident of three centuries of fundamental intolerance.

That intolerance in our day has sent its roots deep down into our existing property system, and woe to him who would shake or even amend that system. For generations the ruling group have been its beneficiaries, and by means of the political and social system into which it is built and by which it is supported they control the life of the Commonwealth. To some extent their power has been shared with the later comers, notably the Irish, with their political genius, but by and large the economic and social newcomers are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They tend the looms and weed the onion beds, and the rulers of Massachusetts look on them with concern as possible elements of danger in a scheme of life that, for the sake of all concerned, ought not to be disturbed. It was this fear and distrust, so it seems to many of us, that were responsible for the Sacco-Vanzetti execution. If we are right, then the charge that Massachusetts is a class state is in so far true, and her tercentenary in so far is the celebration of a fiction.

Must Massachusetts, then, must the United States accept the Communist thesis that our democratic state is necessarily the property of the rich and powerful, with the corollary that the only hope for the unprivileged is the overthrow of that state and the substitution of a workers' state? If the prevailing temper of Massachusetts, as it was evidenced by the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is to continue dominant in American life, then I at least can see no escape from some such conclusion. The very lack of understanding, the distrust and fear, and the resulting repression that necessarily characterizes such a government are in themselves the best evidence of the truth of the criticism. Along that road lies no peace, but only ceaseless struggle ending in cataclysm. It is that possibility that the people of Massachusetts should contemplate in this tercentenary year.

If they choose the other path, then they must realize that it means deep-going change, and no social change is ever accomplished without difficulty. Massachusetts cannot be just to all her people without disturbing the privileges that some of them now enjoy. Will she be great enough and bold enough to make that choice? To make it will require courage and vision and faith, faith in men of all sorts and kinds as against men simply of our own kind. Massachusetts has great advantages in her wealth, her educated citizenry, her tradition of ordered civil liberty. Can she become possessed of a consuming passion for justice and for opportunity for the least of her citizens and move bravely forward in the new courses called for by the new conditions? Shall her mills and her shops and her counting-houses be the gods of Massachusetts or shall her dreams be increasingly fixed on her rich treasures of human life? On the answer hangs much for the future of democracy in America.

The Jews—A Nation Trapped

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THE Jewish world is stirred to its depths. From the Baltic to the Pacific it reverberates with protests and resounds with denunciations. In Warsaw and in New York, in Bucharest and in Paris, in Tel-Aviv and in London men assemble at big meetings, demonstrate in the streets, or express their indignation by a stoppage of work. In hundreds of towns in Poland and the Americas, in the Balkans and in South Africa, in the Baltic states and in Australia, wherever Jews live, the air is filled with cries of anger and resentment mingled with despair. The whole of that unique, invisible empire of people without any one country, yet scattered over every land upon the face of the earth is in upheaval.

What is the cause of this commotion? Nominally, the protest is against the action of the British government in suspending Jewish immigration into Palestine and the blow which this action has dealt the entire project of the establishment of a Jewish national home. But anyone who is more than superficially acquainted with Jewish life as a whole, and not alone with some single manifestation of it, knows that this does not tell the complete story. No action of such a kind could arouse a people inured to suffering and accustomed to disappointment. The Jewish national aspirations in Palestine are not by any means universally shared by the Jewish people. Something more real and fundamental than a blow to the establishment of the Jewish national home was necessary to arouse the Jewish world, something vital, going to the very roots of the economic existence of the people.

The war broke up the huge Czarist empire into a number of small states, each with a large Jewish population. These, if they are not now being made openly the objects of pogroms or political discrimination, are being economically exterminated in the literal sense of the word. Most of these new states are at present experiencing a severe economic crisis. Even if they have lived in these countries for more than a thousand years the Jews are still considered aliens there, and when food is scarce it is given first to the native sons. The governments are doing what they can to relieve their "own people." The "alien" Jews are left to perish. Only the "ungodly" and "immoral" Soviet Government has recognized that these people are a part of the state and is making an effort to relieve their suffering by settling them on the land and inducting them into industry. The rest of the highly moral, Christian governments consider that it is enough if the Jews are no longer subjected to the massacre and pillage which marked the first years of the existence of their states.

The situation of the Jews in these countries can hardly be visualized in Western lands. Here is a people finding

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the economic ground cut from under its feet. Jews are eliminated from middle-class occupations and at the same time are deprived of the right of being workingmen. State cooperatives ruthlessly eliminate the small Jewish shopkeeper and artisan, and government monopolies eject Jewish workingmen from shops and factories where they have worked for generations. Industries built up by Jewish work and effort are not infrequently cleared of Jews, and even in cases where the Jews retain ownership they are sometimes not allowed to engage Jewish workingmen. Jews are, of course, also barred from municipal and government positions and their membership in the professions is limited by the restrictions placed on university admissions. Small Jewish business men are refused credits by government banks and the bigger men in many cases are being ruined by the heavy burden of taxation levied on the urban Jewish population in order to relieve the native peasantry. The result is terrible to contemplate. Entire villages subsist on the slender relief funds sent from overseas. But for the staggering effort of Jewish philanthropy in the United States, East European Jewry would have gone through horrors similar to those of the Volga famine, and even with that aid the conditions are those of slow starvation and physical deterioration. If a real League of Nations existed the plight of these seven million Jews of Eastern Europe would constitute one of its main problems.

There is only one way out from this frightful situation. The Jews must leave Eastern Europe for less thickly populated and more civilized countries where economic opportunities are greater and national prejudices are not so overpowering. If the free and unrestricted immigration of pre-war days had prevailed after the war the world would have heard very little of Zionism and of the Jewish problem as a whole. But among the greater blessings of the post-war period restriction or complete stoppage of immigration, visas, and quotas occupy prominent positions. Only the very fortunate can ever hope now to enter the United States or Canada. Australia and South Africa have altogether barred their doors. The South American republics follow the example of the northern continent. The New World, like the Old, has little welcome for the Jew.

Palestine was one of the few countries left which still afforded an outlet for a small percentage of the millions of Jews struggling for very life in Eastern Europe. Palestine has yet another attraction for the Jewish immigrant, offered him by no other country except the Soviet Union—the prospect of agricultural colonization. The country is not all shipshape and ready for the immigrant. It has still to be reclaimed from the wilderness, and it is just this fact that makes so powerful an appeal to modern Jewish youth imbued with the great social ideals of labor and productive work. Jewish youth wishes to abandon the age-old, sterile occupations into which Jews were forced by centuries of persecution and oppression. There is in many cases a pathetic longing for the soil which is finding expression in the powerful back-to-the-land movement among the Jews of Eastern Europe; there is a tremendous urge to do pioneer work of every description. Nowhere in the world, outside Soviet Russia perhaps, will one meet with greater contempt for the petty middle-class occupations than one finds now among the Jewish youth. Shopkeeping, small business, peddling, buying and selling are by no one despised more intensely than by the young Jews of today. The truly remarkable Jewish "pioneer" movement which is responsible for the great Jewish achievements in Palestine is really not a Zionist institution at all. It became affiliated with modern Zionism because Palestine is the only country apart from Russia where the ideals of productive and pioneer work for Jews stand a chance now of realization. It is a product of Eastern Europe, not of Palestine. It is the organized, social expression of the hope of the Jewish youth deprived of work, condemned to idleness and sterility in Eastern Europe, and striving for honest, healthy labor. Throughout Poland, Galicia, the Baltic states, Rumania, Bessarabia, Hungary, Austria, and even Germany, thousands of Jewish youths are waiting expectant for the call to reclaim a land from the desert.

And suddenly this suspension order of the British Labor Government cuts off one of the very few remaining outlets for emigration. The only opportunity that was left for productive pioneer work is gone. What wonder that a cry so pitiful and heartrending is raised? It is not because of Zionism, the failure of the national home, or the blow to the idea of the Jewish state. Would that the Labor Government had revoked the Balfour Declaration and left immigration and colonization free! That would not have raised a fraction of the storm which has been raised by its present action. Jewish immigration into Palestine means both less and infinitely more than the revival of a Jewish state. It means the freedom, hope, and self-respect of a nation. Post-war Zionism is not a national problem alone. It is merely the Jewish aspect of the greatest general problem of our age, the problem of the shifting of the world population. It is economics through and through, and whatever spiritual aspect it presents is more social and humanitarian than national.

The greatest error one can make about present-day Zionism is to look at it from the point of view of Palestine alone, for the question does not begin and end with Palestine. It has as much to do with Poland, Rumania, and the rest of Eastern Europe, nay, with the whole world, as with Palestine. It affects every country with a Jewish population. Jews in the post-war period go to Palestine not because it is a luxury or because of some sentimental ideal of establishing a Jewish national home, but because they are driven from most places and barred from others. They run to Palestine for the same reason that any escaped prisoner runs for freedom.

The world must realize that it cannot have it both ways with the Jews. It cannot bait and hunt them in Europe, bar them from America, Africa, and Australia, and then on top of it all cut off their last avenue of escape in Asia. They must have a place somewhere. Even in a world brutalized as ours is today a nation of millions of people cannot be trapped like a wild animal. If Poland exterminates her Jews, Rumania exposes them to pogroms, Hungary discriminates against them, Germany baits them, the United States imposes quotas on them, South Africa bars her gates against them, surely the problem cannot be solved by suspending their immigration into Palestine as well. This is the true reason for the present Jewish outburst. It is not directed against Great Britain alone, nor is it an uprising of the Jews in defense of their national home. It is a protest against the entire world.

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A Fish Out of Congress

By EMANUEL BLUM

THE Fish committee was examining witnesses: Grover Whalen, at his best when about to be photographed, uttered rich laughter, that bright cheerio so characteristic of the man. The camera man gave a signal. A flash! Thank you, gentlemen.

Commissioner Whalen would like to read a statement to the committee. Why certainly, Commissioner; of course, Commissioner; anything you say, Commissioner. He reads his statement. A few questions.

"Did you carry on the investigation establishing the authenticity of the documents yourself?" "No, I did not. It was done by Inspector Lyons of the Bomb Squad and by his undercover men." Whalen, having nothing to hide, would be glad to have these men subpoenaed before the committee. He would ask only one thing—that they be allowed to appear before the committee in secret executive session.

"Why in secret session?" asks a committee member. Whalen begins to say something. It wouldn't be safe, did he say? His policemen wouldn't be safe? "You mean," asks Representative Bachman of Virginia naively, "their lives wouldn't be safe if they testified what they knew before this committee? They would jeopardize their personal safety?" Whalen seemed to breathe more easily. He could now say, "Not only they, but also their wives and children; the safety of their families would be placed in jeopardy."

Mr. Bachman asks another question: "Now about this printer, Max Wagner, who is supposed to have printed these documents . . . what did you do to investigate him and the reports that he forged these papers?" Whalen moved uncomfortably in his chair. Curiously enough, Wagner had not been mentioned in the report.

"Why, this man Wagner," said Mr. Whalen, "he got thirty days for being in possession of dirty pictures. He got mixed up with a girl. A man like that can't be believed. Too unreliable." "Well, did you question him?" "No, we didn't think it worth while to question a man with a record like that." The economic relations between two countries were involved, yet they didn't think it worth while to question the man who admitted printing the incriminating documents! And why? Because the man had possessed dirty photographs and had been mixed up with a girl. Did the committee bully and cross-examine Mr. Whalen? They did not. With other witnesses they had proved themselves quite capable of doing so, but they were very kind to Mr. Whalen.

Their treatment next day of Peter A. Bogdanov, chairman of the board of the Amtorg Trading Company, was very different. He testified through an interpreter—a fact which was regarded with great suspicion by Mr. Fish, who at one point asked impatiently whether it was the habit of the Russian government to send over men who spoke Russian and not English. Sometimes the questioners stopped the witness in the middle of his Russian speeches. It seemed too long. Are there no words for "yes" and "no" in Russian?

An example of Fish's cross-examining technique and the pertinence of his inquiries was his questioning of Mr. Bogdanov concerning political prisoners in Siberia at the present time. He asked how many there were. "I don't know," said Bogdanov. "Well, are there more than there were under the Czar?" persisted Fish. "I don't know."

"How many political prisoners were there in Siberia under the Czar?" "I don't know." "Weren't you a prisoner under the Czar?" a little belligerently. "Yes, I was."

"What! You were a prisoner under the Czar and you don't know how many political prisoners there were in Siberia?" Bogdanov catches the outraged expression as he listens to the translations. His face beams as he replies in Russian. Ohsol, his interpreter, chuckles and translates: "He says that the Czar didn't send him to Siberia to count the number of prisoners."

But Fish is indefatigable; he is out to get the truth. He repeats the question. "You mean to tell this committee that you were a prisoner under the Czar and don't know how many prisoners there were?" Bogdanov answers: "I was an expert at sitting in prison, not on prison statistics." And so they played medicine ball with a man who is in charge of trade worth about $100,000,000 a year to the United States.

The questioning goes on. "Who is Comrade Liza?" and "Do you know the employees of your company?" "I know some of them." There follows a scolding by Fish because Mr. Bogdanov does not know more of them, because he does not know how many photostat rooms there are at the Amtorg. What kind of a president of Amtorg is he anyway, not to know anything? Does he know the average wage of a coal miner in Russia? No, he doesn't. "Well," says Fish, "that's your field. You ought to know that." Does he know the average wage of a textile worker in Russia? He doesn't know that either. "You ought to know that," Fish hammers home, "that's economics, that's your field."

"Do the Communists believe in the overthrow of capitalist governments?" asks Fish. "I'm not an expert on political questions," pleads Bogdanov. He explains that anything he would offer would be mere hearsay. Fish insists. "I think," says Bogdanov, "that I read something to that effect in Bukharin, but I'm not sure." There is another question about Comrade Liza. Bogdanov, wishing to be helpful, says, "Maybe you could give me the lady's family name?"

When he is questioned concerning some detail in the production of the documents he says simply, "I don't know because I did not make them."

Representative Nelson of Maine takes a hand. "Do you think it's a good thing for this country to have you dump 100,000 tons of coal here every year?" he asked. "Yes," answered Bogdanov, "we offer you a very fine quality of coal that you have not got here. We do not undersell you. We simply sell a finer grade of coal that is of great advantage to you in your industries." "Well," said Nelson, rising to go to lunch, "that's a fine advertisement for your coal."

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The most competent witness before the committee, from a heroic-dramatic standpoint, was Spivak, reporter for the evening *Graphic*. He kept jumping over the traps set for him by the preliminary questions of the committee. In particular, they were after him about a reference to Secretary Stimson which appeared in the *Graphic*. He admitted the statement was inaccurate, but he said that it was not his, that he had telephoned the story in and the rewrite man had embellished it a bit.

"I should like to read my statement concerning the Whalen documents, proving them to be forgeries," said Spivak. "I don't want to hear it," thundered Nelson. He was mad as hops. But, after all, he had to explain. "A man of your intelligence oughtn't to have to read his statement. Tell us about it." "May I use my written statement as notes?" "Yes."

He proceeded. He told how he and his editor did not wish to spring their story on Whalen without letting him in on it, because they did not wish to "make a fool of Mr. Whalen" in Washington. "Why didn't you wish to make a fool of Mr. Whalen?" Fish wanted to know. "Not I," replied Spivak, "it was my editor who didn't."

He and his editor tried to see Whalen; they stayed up all night outside his hotel. "But he wouldn't see us," said Spivak. Finally, word came down that they should wait for him; he would see them at about six. But Mr. Whalen didn't show up. Spivak, according to his own story, saw Whalen going off to the station in a taxi. There was nothing left to do, presumably, but to make a fool of Whalen.

Perhaps we had better pass over the tedious metaphysical discussions between Duns Scotus Fish and Peter Bogdanov on the definition of "control of government" and the relationship between the Communist Party and the Soviet state. We will give only one excerpt.

"Perhaps if you would tell me what you mean by 'control', I could explain better," said Bogdanov after being hounded about the Communist Party and the Soviet state. "Control!" bawled Fish, "I mean control. Control of the government!"

It took about an hour to swear Bogdanov in because he wished to "affirm" that he would tell the truth. It took less time on the last day to swear in a young Negro, probably because it was almost six and everybody wanted to go home.

"You must give a reason why you wish to affirm and not swear," said the Grand Inquisitor.

"Because," came the answer, "there's no sense in swearing to a God who doesn't exist."

The Representative from Mississippi, who had not peeped during the whole investigation, looked electrified. But Fish was master of the situation, as always. That was no reason, he said. The committee couldn't regard that as a reason, could it? No, it couldn't.

It was late, so they helped him out. "You mean you have conscientious scruples?" "Yes." Now, *there* was a reason.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I'll tell the truth, and nothing but the truth," said the young Negro. "As to the whole truth, that depends upon whether the committee cares to hear it."

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter occasionally comes to visit his friends of the *Nation* staff in their offices on Vesey Street he never fails to pause for a moment in St. Paul's churchyard, upon which the editorial offices front. It is not only that here stands a noble church in which Washington worshiped when he was President and was residing in the then fashionable Wall Street section. It is not merely that here is an oasis in a wilderness of skyscrapers reaching ever nearer to the stars. Nor does the Drifter yield to the conventional thought that paths of financial glory also lead but to the grave. What fascinates him is the historical aspect of it all—that here is a precious bit of New York which still is about as Washington once saw it, about as it was when they brought the ill-fated but gallant General Montgomery's body back from Quebec and placed the memorial to him on the front of the church, past which pace daily at least twice one hundred thousand feet.

* * * * *

THERE is one grave before which the Drifter always stops. The inscription reads thus:

> Here Lyes the Body of
> James Davis Late Smith to
> the Royal Artillery Who
> Departed this Life 17th Day of
> December 1769 Aged 39 yrs.
>
> Behold And See As you Pass By
> As You Are Now So Once Was I

Here is a direct link with the days when New York was still a colony; when the red coats, of whom James Davis was one, still paraded the streets in all their carmine glory—even wearing their heavy woolen regimentals with the thermometer at just such heights as it has been standing at of late. The Drifter knows of nothing else in the metropolis that so recalls the days before the upstart George Washington had begun to undermine his King and forget his loyalty to the Crown. But the Drifter trembles every time he reads the headstone of James Davis who was once even as he, for it shows more and more the ravages of time. Many other sandstone headstones in this churchyard are falling apart—a portion of the inscription of that next to the smith of the Royal Artillery has split off. Others are illegible. Why does not the rich Trinity Corporation which only last summer spent many thousands of dollars in restoring exquisitely and authentically the church itself cover these historic monuments by panes of glass? Trinity has its millions; the cost would not exceed one or two hundred dollars. Yet the corporation remains cold and indifferent. Plainly it feels no responsibility for the upkeep of any of the graves. That is for the families of the dead. And when there is no longer a family? Why, then there is nothing to be done. The Drifter is sure that if the money is the stumbling-block it would be forthcoming at once in public gifts; the difficulty lies elsewhere. Perhaps these lines may help to preserve the stone of the red-coated smith. The Drifter's colleagues hope so. Meanwhile it is their jest that as they look and write they see beyond the grave. Sometimes they do—or so thinks

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Judge Manton's Decision

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial Aliens and Citizenship in the issue of July 16 was a great relief because it criticized Judge Manton's illiberal distinction between objectors to war on religious and on purely humane, conscientious grounds. Your analysis of the similarity of the Schwimmer, Macintosh, and Bland cases is the more gratifying because a statement of the Civil Liberties Union on these cases acclaimed Judge Manton's decision.

It seems impossible to hail as liberal a court which grants citizenship to religious objectors to war and at the same time approves of the denial of citizenship to Mme Schwimmer because her objection to bearing arms was not supported by any religious belief. Judge Manton's decision is decidedly illiberal and against the best American standards and ideals, which are based on the broadest tolerance in the matter of religious beliefs or unbeliefs.

New York, July 20 Elizabeth Black

The Philadelphia *Record*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A propos of Oswald Garrison Villard's recognition, in his articles on the American press, of the unique service the Philadelphia *Record* is rendering to liberal causes in the Quaker City, a recent instance seems to me noteworthy. Social experiments in the industrial field have difficulty in making the front page in competition with racier experiments and the lure of sensational crimes. But on July 12 the *Record* gave front-page double-column space to a news story from Indianapolis with the headlines: Hapgood Workers Given Stock Control of Rich but Bossless Factory; Employees Receive 51 Per Cent of Concern's Holdings with Right to Run Things; Wages Based on Actual Needs. Then in 350 words followed the story of Norman Hapgood, who with his two brothers, William P. and Hutchins, inherited the Columbia Conserve Company in 1917. The company made a contract with its 150 employees as a group by which, out of accumulated profits, stock of the company was bought and given outright to them. Eventually, says the story, they will own all the stock. They have a weekly council at which business plans are adopted. A married worker receives 50 per cent more wages than one single and $2 a week for each child up to three children. There are no bosses, but leaders instead. They now have the power to discharge the president, William P. Hapgood, whose son Powers is not unknown in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts for his insistence upon the rights of the individual.

In recognizing that this was first-page news the *Record* stamped itself a truly liberal paper, cognizant of the vital economic problems with which our day must grapple. Though not in accord with all its policies, I feel it merits the attention of all forward-looking Pennsylvanians, especially since the *Record*, independent and wet, has espoused from the first the cause of Gifford Pinchot, Republican and dry, against the extraordinary attempt of the Philadelphia machine to steal from him the Republican nomination for Governor on the mere technicality that perforation of ballots ordered by the court of Luzerne County to prevent fraud are a mutilation of the ballot.

Philadelphia, July 16 Charles T. Sempers

Sacco-Vanzetti Memorials In New York

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Sacco-Vanzetti National League will hold a memorial meeting on Friday evening, August 22, at 8:30, at the Town Hall, 123 West Forty-third Street.

Heywood Broun, W. E. B. Du Bois, editor of the *Crisis*, and Henry T. Hunt, former mayor of Cincinnati and chairman of the National Mooney-Billings Committee, will speak. A film of the funeral procession will be shown for the first time. Robert Morss Lovett, chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti National League, will preside.

This is an open meeting and all those who wish to honor and to keep alive the memory of "the good shoemaker and the poor fish-peddler" are invited to attend.

New York, August 9 Margaret Steer Huntley

In Boston

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On Friday, August 22, at 8:30 p.m. there will be a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting at the Old South Meeting House, Boston. The speakers will be Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Leonard Abbott, of the staff of the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences," Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, to whom Vanzetti wrote many of his most thoughtful letters while in prison, Paul U. Kellogg, editor of the *Survey*, chairman, and Gardner Jackson of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Lewis Mumford and others who see in the tragedy of Sacco and Vanzetti a symbol of high potential value in our thinking and actions in the search for justice have expressed the hope that they also will be able to be present to participate.

The meeting, which will be held within the walls of a building made sacred by the events that took place in it during the American Revolution, has an added significance this year because it comes in the midst of the tercentenary celebration of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. We invite all persons interested in the course of American justice to attend.

The Memorial Committee arranging the meeting consists of Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Catharine S. Huntington, Creighton J. Hill, Reuben L. Lurie, Aldino Felicani, and myself.

Boston, August 7 Gardner Jackson

Contributors to This Issue

William Zukerman is a London journalist and manager of the European bureau of a New York Jewish daily.

Emanuel Blum has taught in various modern schools. At present he is a teacher at the Walden School, New York City.

Genevieve Taggard is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

Douglas Haskell is associate editor of the *Architectural Record*.

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Books and Films

No More This Home

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Weep, weep, and fasten the gate.
The moon is a laggard,—the straight
Lines from the stars, the star-threads
Streak the elms, the bowed leaf-heads.

I wait, and my love, he is late,
Broken apart with some grief,
Walking the mold of the leaf,
Treading as the stricken treads.

No more this home . . . nor these doors
To open, to startle, to shut,
Announcing our anger—to cut
The air back and forth like our wills.

Seal the door-sills.

Below the Babbittry

Youth Dares All. Anonymous. The Macaulay Company. $2.

THE anonymous author of "Youth Dares All" has produced the most brilliantly humorous picaresque novel of American life that has come this way in a long time. Its hero, Eddie Law, is at once a living character, finely realized, and a walking embodiment of a huge slice of our national *mores*. Just as Babbitt is a caricature of the middle-class American, so Eddie Law is a broader caricature of the lower-class American (if such a being may be admitted to exist in this great democracy). Objectively considered, this Eddie Law is a small-town loafer, a sharper, a lecher, a coward, and a cad; but this is (ostensibly) an autobiographical narrative; Eddie Law tells it himself, with his own grandiloquent illiteracy, and to himself he is always the glamorous adventurer, honest, ambitious, industrious, and pure, and his career a romantic saga.

The reader, then, finds himself really following two stories—the first, that of Eddie Law as seen by himself, and the second, that of Eddie Law as he really is. Eddie sings the melody while the (by no means harmonizing) accompaniment is easily heard between the lines. Thus, the two notes—the subjective treble and the simultaneous objective bass—are struck most distinctly and obviously on the first page:

> Not that I was a rogue or anything like that; say—nothing of the kind; I want to spike that rumor here and now; but a fellow like me, always drifting from job to job, is bound to run into mischief sometimes; generally just for the fun of it, as, for instance, only recently, when I was accused of joy-riding in a car intrusted to my care, which I stoutly denied while the other party insisted on it; which merely came down to a matter of opinion before the law.

Or, a little later:

> Then I left him, and I guess he's rotting in jail now if he isn't dead (for Evil never pays). But I managed, before departing, to catch his horse, and I sold it in the village for five dollars.

Here the anonymous author lays his strokes on pretty broadly, but this obviousness at the beginning makes it possible for him to convey his double story with increasing subtlety once the reader knows his Eddie Law. We come in time to guess rather shrewdly when Eddie is merely distorting and when he is resorting to downright fabrication. The narrative is admirably managed and absorbing; it is full of delicious episodes and characters—the bootlegger Bunny Holden, and that travesty on the "unprohibited" woman, Mary Hatteras. But perhaps the major part of the humor springs from the constant contrast between each incident as it appears to Eddie and the reader's perception of what it must really have been. Eddie sees every situation through a thick sentimental haze of self-justification, moral platitudes, stereotyped phrases, advertising cant, and scraps of movie subtitles. His bullet-proof vanity finally turns him into an intolerable hypocrite and prig. And I have a suspicion that he is far more typical of the American hobo (though he never once thinks of himself as one) than the knowingly hard-boiled or radical Jim Tullys and Harry Kemps.

We first meet him when he stays one night at the village of Gardiner, and falls in love with the boarding-house keeper's daughter, Elsie Hubbard. He decides that she shall be his "guiding star," so he asks her to wait two years for him to make his mark and return to marry her. He drifts from town to town, job to job, mines, farms, lumber camps, Alaska (maybe), New York, in despair of getting anything suitable to his "character." For, as he reminds the reader constantly, "I couldn't afford to lose weight in manual labor—not while I had brains." He is often reduced, however, to this degradation, as when he works for the Dutch farmer Hammerschlager, seduces his daughter, and is sent to jail, "an everlasting blot on the scales of Blind Justice." But his most glamorous adventures come when he gets into the employ of the gentleman-farmer John Sumner, and becomes the pal of Bunny Holden, "who had sufficient pull and grit to get on in this world without a stroke of work . . . all of which I admired with the deepest respect: he had succeeded, where so many, so many failed." It is in Sumner's library, too, that he is inspired by coming upon the autobiography of Harry Bok, a man who "had been a great comedian in his day and had come to be an important man of affairs in the Republic." This remarkable book made "even the straight roads seem glamorous." Eddie occasionally sins after that, it is true, but after each sin he learns again that "vice never pays, which one can't learn too often."

Finally, after seven years, he achieves a sort of success selling swamp lands, and he is ready to come back (though the reader is unable to see why he couldn't have done so a dozen times before) to his "guiding star," Elsie of Gardiner. Elsie is still waiting for him at her home, and after a few days of making love to her in the woods and fields he is ready to marry her. But to clear her conscience she confesses to her Eddie that she has sinned once or twice in those seven years of waiting; later she confides to him that she will soon be bearing his child:

> Then, suddenly, a light broke on me, and I saw everything clearly: I thought I no longer had a right to trespass on the hospitality of these good people unless I intended to marry the lovely girl who was bearing my child. . . .
>
> Early in the fresh dawn, like the Arab, I stole secretly downstairs and opened the back door—and went outside. And behind me I left nobody surprised, nobody disturbed, nobody pained! *nobody even awakened!* I alone bore the brunt of it all, as I hurried toward the road out of town, instinctively taking to the road again.

HENRY HAZLITT

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A Great American

Eugene V. Debs. By McAlister Coleman. Greenberg. $3.50.
That Man Debs and His Life Work. By Floy Ruth Painter, Ph.D. Bloomington: Indiana University. $2.19.

"A MAN unafraid"—it is thus that McAlister Coleman truly represents Eugene V. Debs in this interesting book. It is no "impartial" study, no cool, documented, scientific biography; rather, a sympathetic, enthusiastic account of a great American whose extraordinary courage was the outgrowth of an unfailing humanness. I saw him only once, in Washington early on Christmas morning of 1921, the day after the prison gates of Atlanta had swung open to release him. Characteristically enough, his very first movement was to pat the head of the eleven-year-old boy at my side, in a gesture that brought tears to one's eyes and conveyed to one's heart a swift impression of another who blessed little children. He turned to Mary La Follette with a message of gratitude to the father who had kept faith during the war, and whose task during that time, he said simply, was so much harder than his own because Senator La Follette had to bear amid a storm of obloquy the heavy responsibilities of public office, while he himself had only to stay quietly in jail. By that time the newspapermen were arriving, and his whole attention turned to explaining to them how it happened that the boys got shut up in Atlanta, and what must be done if Atlanta was to help make them better, not worse, men.

It is just this utterly human Debs that McAlister Coleman has pictured in his book, a Debs whose heart was big enough to embrace all men everywhere, a Debs who hated sham and greed and cruelty of every kind, a Debs whose generosity and sympathy for the under-dog were matched only by his courage in fighting every human oppressor. In Mr. Coleman's book we get a vivid picture of the unusual, freethinking Middle Western home into which Debs was born on November 5, 1855; of the boy's early experiences in the Vandalia paintshop at Terre Haute, and in the cab of the freight engine running down to Indianapolis; of his work as a grocery clerk and, for a brief time, as a member of the State legislature; of his early activities in organizing the firemen, his rapid rise in their organization, and his characteristic resignation when he found himself opposed to their conservative policies. There is a swift-moving story of the historic Great Northern strike in which Debs, by sheer power of personality and organizing ability, actually whipped the redoubtable Jim Hill. There is an understanding account of this remarkable agitator's part in the great Chicago railroad strike of 1894, the "Debs rebellion" that made such notable labor history and landed its leader in Woodstock jail. We know today how well justified was the revolt in which Debs was obliged to play the leading role, we know how dangerous is the injunction power that he so calmly defied, we know how completely Governor Altgeld was right and President Cleveland was wrong—but the strike was broken.

When Judge Grosscup sent Eugene Debs to Woodstock jail he finished the process of making him a Socialist, for he gave him time to read and think. The latter half of Mr. Coleman's book is taken up with the record of Debs's life and work as a Socialist, in the course of which he carried on four active campaigns as Presidential candidate, in addition to the spectacular race of 1920 from behind the bars in Atlanta. His work is well known by students of radical movements in this country, and Mr. Coleman has told the story with spirit and appreciation. Debs's calm, unterrified opposition to the war and his cheerful acceptance of the penalty of such opposition will forever remain as one of the great features of American participation in that struggle. His was a spirit too noble to be overwhelmed by hatred, too penetrating to be deceived by lies. He was an "agitator" with a great heart—and McAlister Coleman has told his story with unfailing sympathy and appreciation.

Dr. Painter's book is unusually awful, even for a doctor's thesis. It contains a good deal of information about Debs and a bibliography.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

The Rise of Carl Schurz

The Americanization of Carl Schurz. By Chester Verne Easum. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

MR. EASUM has done a thoughtful and careful study of the career of Carl Schurz from the time of his arrival in the United States until his commissioning as a major general. He has thrown considerable light on the phenomenal rise in Wisconsin of the German-born American who scaled greater heights in our political and military life than any other foreign-born citizen save Alexander Hamilton. Prefacing his study with a concise sketch of Schurz's career in Germany as a student and revolutionist, Mr. Easum has devoted most of his attention to the Carl Schurz of Watertown, Wisconsin, and the amazing speed with which he became a State and national figure—a speed so great that he was nearly elected State Senator more than a year before he could become a naturalized citizen and was barely defeated for the lieutenant-governorship a year later, just before he received his final naturalization papers. Mr. Easum has made free use of the rich Schurz manuscript collections in the Library of Congress and the Wisconsin Historical Society, which have, however, by no means been exhausted. Indeed, Schurz's expressed wish, that his personal family letters be not quoted extensively, is still holding off students from publishing a treasure trove of extraordinarily rich and interesting material—a ban that ought to be lifted now that the General's immediate family is, tragically enough, entirely extinct.

On one point of great interest to the student of the life of Schurz Mr. Easum has unfortunately not been able to find any authentic information, and that is how Schurz lived during the first five years of his stay in this country. He had no means when he arrived here and no knowledge of English. It was some years before he became available as a lecturer. Yet though he had only been a poorly paid teacher of languages in England during his brief stay in that country, he was able to marry and to leave. He brought his wife over to America with him, spent at least three years in traveling around the country and studying it, bought a farm, moved his father and mother and sisters here, and made several trips to Europe. It is true that his wife belonged to a family of considerable means. It is also possible that he came here as a paid agent of the German revolutionary group which had various impossible aims in America, such as the founding of an entirely German state, the influencing of the United States government to act in some way against the German despotism of that day, and similarly fantastic schemes. Schurz was himself interested in the formation of a secret society (without, however, the usual regalia and absurdities of such an organization) for the purpose of influencing the politicians of Washington, whom he speedily came to know and size up with extraordinary accuracy. Still there is no adequate explanation of where his means came from during the first five years of his life here.

It is altogether an amazing story—the rapidity of the transformation of Schurz, the German revolutionary who did not know exactly what he wanted or whither he was aiming when he arrived here, into one of the most loyal of Americans.

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Yet the title of the book is distinctly misleading in a sense. It does not seem to me that the melting-pot deserves credit for the rise of Schurz. He was naturally intended to be an American, and his talents, character, and cast of mind were such that he really needed little or no Americanization, as we generally use that term. Very few men rise to distinction so easily and quickly. Still fewer achieve fame when they are transferred to foreign soil at the age of twenty-three. Less than nine years later Schurz was the minister plenipotentiary of the United States at Madrid, and ten years from the date of his arrival he was a successful brigadier general of volunteers in the Army of the Potomac. The truth is that he was so endowed by nature that he must have risen to distinction wherever fate might have placed him. It was Lincoln who on hearing him in Springfield, Illinois, where he made first a German speech and immediately thereafter an English one, exclaimed: "You're an awful fellow and I understand your power now." That power made him a great national force and a great American.

The later period of Schurz's life has been pretty well covered; his reminiscences remain still the best source for any study of his career. But Mr. Easum has brought out a good many details of Schurz's work in Watertown, Wisconsin, which are not so well known. It is interesting to note, for instance, how he began at the bottom politically, serving as commissioner of public improvements, notary public—a position of considerably more importance then than now—a member of the common council, alderman, and supervisor. Mr. Easum has also made a most useful study of the relations of the Forty-eighters to the other German immigrants. There was considerable friction between the two groups. The men of the elder immigration often bitterly resented the arrival of the intellectuals, especially as many, like Schurz, became radical on the slavery issue and went into the newfangled Republican Party. All in all this is a useful and well-worth-while study, especially as Mr. Easum has judged Schurz both judicially and critically.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Dobrée's Criticism

The Lamp and the Lute. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. $2.

BY interest and method Mr. Dobrée belongs to that group of metaphysical critics of which Herbert Read and T. S. Eliot are the most prominent members, but here the association ends. Mr. Dobrée, while endeavoring to denote and consider a writer's theory of life—a purely metaphysical endeavor—refuses to be caught in the marsh of philosophical systems and religio-political dogmas; refuses, in fact, to become a philosopher.

> Because [he writes] a sick man desires health, and sees the necessity for it, it does not follow that he can attain it. Many, myself included, are in the position of the sick man (though not too unhappy about it, and by no means bedridden), and, moreover, are not prepared to pay the price our cure would require.

Applied to literature this statement, so far as "The Lamp and the Lute" is concerned, causes criticism to cease with analysis, to stop before evaluation. The attempt to divorce this method from its background and to use it as an instrument only makes Mr. Dobrée's very indefinite results doubly disappointing.

The essay on Ibsen is the finest study in the book, and ably shows that literary criticism may be written without turning the critic into either a metaphysicist or an impressionist. It is highly discerning, and in its inspection of Ibsen's intuitions and realism it is original. Unfortunately, this originality gradually disappears in the following five essays, until the comments on D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot are nothing but restatements of opinions already familiar to any general reader. The retreat of Mr. Dobrée's originality helps, of course, to stress the contention of both Mr. Read and Mr. Eliot that responsible criticism depends on preestablished values. On the other hand, Mr. Dobrée's success with Ibsen would seem to refute this argument, and to demonstrate that where a critic has some new distinction to offer, estimates or classifications are not necessary.

The chief reason to lament Mr. Dobrée's failure is his lost opportunity to deal convincingly with present-day writers. The metaphysical critics have so conspicuously refused to attend to their contemporaries that to have one of their associates try and fail only adds to the distance between them and what many believe to be the truly representative currents of thought of the time.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The New Architecture

Modern Architecture. By Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Jr. Brewer and Warren. $5.

WHAT century ever produced a worse average of architecture than the nineteenth? And what century could possibly be of greater interest to us in the twentieth? Mr. Hitchcock's book is the first in English to give account, and satisfactory account, of the great romantic confusion which reduced architecture to "the least of the visual arts," and then of the steady upward climb which today brings it "nearer to being the most important."

The story begins with the "ruins" and "fabricks" of the romantics, their literary revivals of the antique, and their almost total loss of craftsmanship and structural engineering (which, after all, had yielded no great innovations for two centuries). It continues through the beginnings of a new rationality (awkwardly termed the "new tradition"), the age of the American Richardson, the Dutch Cuijpers, the Austrian Wagner, when the confusion of antique and remote tongues was smelted together again into something like an architectural language, the various borrowed features being freely applied side by side in modified form, with orderly and craftsman-like effects, on a rational plan. At this period architecture and engineering ran once more hand in hand. The book ends on the "new pioneers" (again an absurd term), with the reintegration strict and fully organized, with engineering (that is, building) and architecture *one,* a new beginning, the forms deriving from more complicated functions and from the suggestions thrown out by steamers, airplanes, and—also important—the experiments of modern abstract painting.

This is a very rough summary of a far more intricate book. In confining himself strictly to architecture as a "visual art," Mr. Hitchcock performs a needed service for the newest men, in whose psychology, indeed, he himself is soaked. They are not engaged, as is too often charged, in reducing an art to the level of "utilitarian" machinery, but rather of glorifying the "technical" idea, of raising technology, if you please, to an art. The psychological problems involved in designing a "machine for living in" are new, complex, and exciting; and since he is in sympathy Mr. Hitchcock analyzes them acutely.

Nevertheless, the machine "aesthetic" is based on a more-than-visual machine fact. How did the building itself become so nearly mechanical as to crystallize that way? We need a supplementary history which does not take so for granted the sudden, almost overwhelming growth (beginning concurrently with romanticism, about 1750) of engineering, industrialism, and even democracy. Then we might come to different con-

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clusions as to the prospect that the present manner may last a century. It might seem rather to be the aesthetic equivalent of mechanistic physics and philosophy, occurring belatedly owing to the drag between different sciences and arts which Whitehead has pointed out. But even the atom is now considered less a mechanism than the thing a machine is always striving to become—an organism. And in architecture the "organic" ideal has already been finely laid down, in theory and practice, by the American Frank Lloyd Wright, who seems to cause Mr. Hitchcock excessive annoyance and difficulty because he does not fit the "new-tradition" box in which he has been placed. I venture the suggestion that Europe still has much to learn here, and that meanwhile we need not be too hasty about knuckling down.

However, these are things the reader may prefer to decide for himself. The book will give or lead to all the materials. It is encyclopedic, often acute, thorough. It is our first noteworthy volume on contemporary architecture since Mr. Mumford's "Sticks and Stones." The reader will be greatly helped if he will take the author's advice and study the text in conjunction with the proper Propyläen Verlag volumes with their fine collection of plates. DOUGLAS HASKELL

Books in Brief

American Girl. By John R. Tunis. Brewer and Warren. $2.

A vigorous novelistic exposé by a well-known feature sports writer of the shameful professionalism current in amateur tennis circles. "American Girl" is the serio-comic story of Florence Farley, who, beginning as a child prodigy with a "natural stroke," develops into the greatest woman tennis player the world has ever seen—but sacrifices both love and honesty to retain her dubiously triumphant title of world champion. In her climb to fame and glory the redoubtable Florence learns the financial significance of ghost-written articles, cosmetic indorsements, movie contracts, prepaid hotel bills, spurious interviews, and a baccalaureate degree granted in absentia without the irritation of final examinations; in fact, all of the political chicanery that is rapidly making tennis one of America's leading industries. Mr. Tunis describes the inner workings of our tennis tournaments in a series of excellent satiric pictures.

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham. By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.

Graced with few of the qualities of the unforgettable Mr. Polly save a sense of continuous bewilderment, Mr. Parham is not content with being "tolerant, broad-minded, and deliberately quite modern." He is also a stubbornly reactionary Anglophile determined to maintain the staid historical forms against the subversive inroads of skepticism, nihilism, and the incoherent enterprise of contemporary society. His most weighty remarks are generally addressed to the mirror. But when he attends a metapsychical seance and becomes imbued with the Master Spirit, the usually meek Mr. Parham begins to put some of his ideas into action, with ruinous results. He plunges humanity into a second world war, he rearranges destiny, he advocates rationality as a universal specific, and he makes valiant efforts to eradicate the malignant innovations of this age of unrest. The book is a feebly farcical political satire. Even the expected Wellsian doses of pleasant erudition, incisive portraiture, occasional brilliancies, and ironic analyses do not rescue it from the shoals of dulness. Protracted, jerky, and premeditatedly clever, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" exhumes a cruelly mangled Mr. Polly only to bury him again with indecent haste.

The Metropolis of Tomorrow. By Hugh Ferriss. Ives Washburn. $7.50.

Hugh Ferriss can draw skyscrapers like mountains. He has compiled a book of them called "The Metropolis of Tomorrow." While he has at least learned that between mountains there must be plains, his procedure of pictures first is wrong end to; and the buttery text always becomes vague and evasive at the precise point where the author might be held responsible. The tall building remains a first-rate American invention; for studies of its proper use we need not always go abroad to such as Le Corbusier; but at home instead of Hugh Ferriss one might consult Henry Wright. See for example his exact, humane, and infinitely more imaginative article in the March *Architectural Record* on The Place of the Apartment in the Modern Community.

Decorative Art, 1930. Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme and S. B. Wainwright. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

The yearbook of the *Studio* is still the finest compilation of contemporary applied art. Its volumes are invaluable to the historian. The material is catholic and extensive. The only defect is an introduction in the current volume by Le Corbusier, which is tiresome. He prescribes his pillar system, flat roofs, etc., as nostrums; and in current European building they are becoming silly clichés. Five years ago he seemed to promise to be a great leader; now——.

The Makers of the Unwritten Constitution. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Professor Munro's book comprises four lectures delivered at Lafayette College last year on the Fred Morgan Kirby Foundation, and a thirty-two-page introduction sketching the growth of the unwritten development of the Constitution. The lectures treat the work of Alexander Hamilton in establishing the economic supremacy of the federal government, of John Marshall in cementing the achievement of nationalism, of Andrew Jackson in democratizing the Constitution, and of Woodrow Wilson in accentuating Presidential leadership. One does not look for novelty or profundity in lectures prepared for popular audiences, but what Professor Munro has to say is, as always, sound, balanced, and well put. The characterization of Wilson as one who "gave new significance to executive leadership, virtually dictated the laws of the land, became the idol of oppressed nationalities everywhere, and showed the world that the President of the United States is 'at liberty to be as big a man as he can'" is not necessarily, of course, unstinted praise.

Fourteen Years of European Investments, 1914-1928. By S. Stern. The Bankers' Publishing Company. $5.

Under the form of an inquiry into the probable fortunes of a hypothetical American who in January, 1914, had invested $25,000 in selected stocks and bonds of thirteen important European countries and an equal total amount in Canadian and United States securities, and who had left the investment untouched irrespective of events until April, 1928, the vice-president of the former Equitable Trust Company of New York has here brought together a vast amount of statistical and other data regarding American foreign trade and the part which American capital plays or may play in the development of foreign countries and in international finance generally. The detailed results of the inquiry will, of course, appeal chiefly to the specialist, but what Mr. Stern has to say about the relation of American foreign loans to foreign debt payments to the United States, the desirability of a reserve in the form of American investments abroad to facilitate the settlement of our own foreign accounts and protect the gold reserve, and the necessity of foreign borrowing to pay debts if merchandise exports cannot be increased has value for the layman as well as for the financier.

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Films

Ingredients

EXCITING physical action, suspense and surprise in the plot, and characters that look "different"—these ingredients of a good Hollywood movie are most efficient when they are served together in a well-balanced mixture. Thus the three films under review, "The Dawn Patrol" (Winter Garden), "Manslaughter" (Rivoli), and "Grumpy" (Paramount), would probably be vastly more entertaining if the qualities they severally represent were joined in a single picture. As they are, they provide excellent illustration of the inadequacy of one-sided growth.

"The Dawn Patrol," for instance, is based mainly on the physical thrill of aerial warfare. Although following in the trail of several other pictures, it succeeds in contriving a number of scenes of aerial bombardment and fighting that are undeniably exciting. But it must have been clear to the producers that this was not enough, for a considerable part of the picture is used in building up a situation that is supposed to invest the fighting episodes with dramatic significance. We are introduced to the life of a group of flying officers on a section of the British front where the daily flying operations were inevitably accompanied by the loss of a few men. Resentment against this seemingly deliberate slaughter would flare up now and again, and bitter words would be exchanged between those issuing the orders and those obliged to carry them out. But the war went on, and so did the daily sacrifice of the fliers.

One notices the similarity of the theme to that of "Journey's End," as well as a few resemblances in the minor episodes in the two pictures. The similarity in itself need not be counted as a sin in "The Dawn Patrol"—although the Cockney orderly is becoming something of a bore. A far more important defect is that the film never succeeds in shaping its plot—the little that it has—into anything psychologically convincing. The conflicts among the officers seem to be forced and deliberate; nor is the lack of motivation compensated for by any arresting character portraiture. On the contrary, most of the characters are utterly colorless, as is also the acting, with the notable exception of the minor part of Phipps, which is played by Edmund Breon with great subtlety.

In "Manslaughter" there is little physical action; nor is any attempt made in it to suggest a more profound reading of character than is to be found in the archness of a society girl or the zeal for rectitude of an honest lawyer. On the other hand, although its "dramatic struggle of beauty and wealth against the law" is no more exciting than it reads, it is handled by Mr. George Abbott, who directed the picture, with such suave deftness that one almost accepts the story at its face value. At all events, it has a visual swing about it that makes watching it a pleasure for the eye. The attempt to superimpose sounds and to externalize the auditory sensations of the heroine deserves notice, although, as in "Blackmail," it fails of effect owing to the abrupt change of the style.

Characterization as practically the sole ingredient of the film to the exclusion of physical movement and any serious plot is exemplified by "Grumpy," in which Mr. Cyril Maude recreates for the screen his famous portrait of a freakish old gentleman turned Sherlock Holmes. In spite of its pronounced theatrical quality this is a delightful and highly entertaining performance. But apart from Mr. Maude the picture is rather poor. The developments of its very slight plot are treated with a heavy hand, and the supporting cast is mediocre. But Mr. Maude is real good fun. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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